

WHOLE NO.171.

Our Copperhead "Conservatives" soon lay down their platform upon the subject of the war and the war in this wise: "The Constitution of the United States is for the white and the Negro as they are."

The Southern war correspondent of the York Town, a Mr. Colburn, who, it will be collected, was among the New York conscripts who were captured a few weeks ago attempting to run the blockade at Vicksburg to Richmond, in his letter to the York Town, says that he saw a fair Southern tour says:

"The negro, we discovered, is of great service on the railroads, machinery, transportation, manufactures. We saw none armed, but heard them in South Carolina."

And the York Town of the York City, a "Conservative" that is, it wants to "serve" Slavery. Its platform is—"The negro as they are." Its correspondent, Colburn, says that he saw a fair Southern tour says: "The negro, we discovered, is of great service to the rebels." Of course he is and that is the "great" reason why the "sympathizers" of the "conservative" want to have him remain as he is, where he is, and doing what he is. Does anybody doubt that the Southern "conservative" will do this? Suppose the South should "take" the "conservative" in plain, with which we war, and the life of our Government and its people was threatened—does any one think these "sympathizers" would "want" the negro to run away?

For the negroes to remain as they are, is the only way to destroy the "conservative" Constitution, the Government and the Nation who he wishes them to remain as they are. A traitor and enemy to his Government, Colburn, says that he saw a fair Southern tour says: "The negro, we discovered, is of great service to the rebels." Of course he is and that is the "great" reason why the "sympathizers" of the "conservative" want to have him remain as he is, where he is, and doing what he is. Does anybody doubt that the Southern "conservative" will do this? Suppose the South should "take" the "conservative" in plain, with which we war, and the life of our Government and its people was threatened—does any one think these "sympathizers" would "want" the negro to run away?

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The Principal.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1863.

ISSUE OF NEW STOCK.

In pursuance of a vote of the Stockholders of the PRINCIPAL ASSOCIATION, at their adjournment of Annual Meeting, at their office, 104 William Street, July 1, 1863, authorizing the Trustees to issue new Stock, in form and manner following:

Notice is hereby given

that Subscription Books are now open at the office of the Principal Association, 104 William Street, New York, for subscription to the New Issue of Stock, namely One Hundred and Twenty Shares of Fifty dollars each, bearing interest at the rate of seven per cent.

Old Stockholders are hereby notified that an opportunity is now afforded them to increase their stock by subscribing, as above. Subscriptions from new Stockholders are also invited.

Persons at a distance, desiring of investing in this stock, can authorize the Treasurer, J. W. Allen, to subscribe for the amount they may desire.

GEN. B. CHEEVER,
WILLIAM GOODALL,
S. S. JOSELYN,
EDWARD GILBERT,
Trustees.

Women's Loyal National League.

Notice

A public meeting of the Women's Loyal National League, will be held at their room, No. 20 Cooper Union, on Friday 17th inst., at 3 P.M.

By order of
SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Sec.

THE RIOT IN NEW-YORK.

The drafting commenced in this city, on Saturday, in the presence of large numbers of our laboring citizens, who were quiet, and showed no signs of displeasure. Up to Monday morning it was the general remark, among loyal citizens, that the drafting would be completed quickly. The World of Monday morning came out with an inflammatory article on "THE RIOT," crammed with falsehoods, and manifestly designed to instigate resistance. Readers of it who remembered the pro-slavery mobs of 1834, and their connection with the morning papers, knew what to expect, and were not disappointed. Before 11 o'clock the riot was in full blast, and incendiary operations going forward.

For the particulars, up to the time of closing our forms for the press, we refer to our News Department.

Where the matter is to end, it is impossible to predict. Much will depend upon the efficiency of the Authorities, to-day, (Tuesday), and upon the question, yet to be decided, whether Governor Seymour is with the rioters, or with the Government. If the Governor would save his reputation, he has no time to lose. The Herald of this morning has not one word to say, editorially, on either side, for or against the riot, but heads its views of the riots with such captions as—"Popular opposition to the enforcement of the enrollment for the Conscription"—"Attack on the people by the Provost guard"—thus dignifying the ruffians with the majesty of "the people," who are sovereign, and denouncing their outrages popular.

The World, with its characteristic diabolism, affects to deplore and condemn the mobs, declaring that they must be put down, and yet, in the same article, renews its utmost efforts to inflame their passions, declaring them to be equally patriotic with the soldiers who are defending the government which they are fighting against, declaring the Conscription Act unconstitutional, and throwing all the blame of the excitement upon the Government.

The animus of the World and of the mobs are identical. Without the former, we should not have had the latter. The movement was planned beforehand. Its objects are unmistakably to prevent the reinforcement of the National Army by breaking up the enrollment of whites, and making war upon the colored people of the city, precisely at the time when they were about to attend a war meeting at Foughkeepsie, and break up that operation in support of the Government. It is not so much the low rabble, base and degraded as they are, that are responsible for this riot, as the "gentlemen" sympathizers with rebel slaveholders, goading them up to rebellion. The Government should take them in hand, promptly.

CHURCHMANITY, NOT CHRISTIANITY, ON TRIAL.

"OUR CHRISTIANITY ON TRIAL."

We heard a clergyman of this neighborhood, not long since, make this remark to his brethren. We thought he well said, "Our Christianity." Our God, our Christ, not true religion, but one's, a Christianity hand in hand with slavery. Such a Christianity is not on trial, so much as it is under conviction. It has been tried, weighed in the balance, and found wanting. Our Christianity has not been able to throw off the crime of slavery. Our Christianity has tolerated, sanctioned, and defended that crime, and still does it. Whatever has been done against slavery, has been done in the teeth of a fierce opposition by "our Christianity." Whatever has been done by the very agitation kept up by abolitionists, has been for the most part, not from the love of Christ, not from obedience to the Word of God, not from a belief in the truths of revelation, but from a natural love of freedom, and a natural sense of justice, and a natural impulse of humanity, in men opposed by the church on account of such impulses, and such agitation, has been done in the teeth and eyes of a Bible interpreted by the church as sanctioning slavery; has been done therefore against the pretended authority of Christianity, and against the orthodoxy of the churches, which has demanded silence and submission on the subject.

It must be acknowledged that, in this country, "Our Christianity" has been put upon its trial, and has failed. "Our Christianity" has failed to abolish slavery. It never had a fairer field, it never had more favorable circumstances, it was never offered a grander triumph. Seventy years trial have issued in the conquest of "our Christianity" by slavery, not the conquest of slavery by "our Christianity." "Our Christianity" has fastened the chains of the enslaved. It is the testimony of a leading minister of the gospel, who even now himself demands a continuance of the system, that the church has been the great bulwark of slavery in America.

Yet the church had a free Constitution to fight with, had every weapon that it could desire, had the declaration of Independence, and the known opinions and declarations of the fathers and framers of the Constitution in abhorrence of slavery, and had the example of Christians and Christianity in Europe imperceptibly in such bright realizations as those of Wilberforce and Clarkson.

But all these advantages "our Christianity" has renounced, and all these precedents of humanity and piety deserted, and instead of continuing the battle against slavery, has turned its energies of doctrine and of excommunication against the abolition of slavery and has labored to raise defenses for the sin in the very Word of God, distorted for that purpose. What has been done against slavery has been done in spite of our Christianity, and under its excommunicating frown. What has been done against slavery

has been done by the sheer providence of God against the efforts of professed Christians, and against his own word misinterpreted by such Christians for the protection of that iniquity against which God thunders with his judgments. What has been done against slavery has been done by the rebellion, which God has used to compel this professedly Christian government and nation into a strife against slavery, and under a necessity of their own existence. And the rebellion itself has been brought about, so far as discussion and anathemas against slavery produced it, not by the church, but by abolitionists outside the church, and opposed by it.

Now then at least let "our Christianity" have the grace to avoid the hypocrisy of making any claim of any merit in this revolution. Let "our Christianity" take the humble attitude of a penitent of a Confessor, but must stand afar off as a criminal. God be merciful to me a sinner! The ministers and professors of "our Christianity" have excluded the cause of the black man and the slave from their pulpits, and their churches. "Our Christianity" has been on trial, and has failed. It has come to the place where the black man lay smitten and wounded and dying, and following the lead of the government and the people, has passed by on the other side. Biblically and Constitutionally, and with Christian expediency it has passed by. Its priests have stigmatized as fanatics those who have gone where the wounded, suffering, oppressed and dying race were lying; and those who have dared to plead their cause in churches and in pulpits have been made the objects of exclusion and contempt. The rebellion and the war have introduced some changes, and ministers, and churches are now blowing hot, that two years ago blew cold enough to have frozen the Gulf Stream. Let them at least have the grace now to avoid boasting themselves in a line of things made ready to their hand by other men's labors, whom, with their labors, they have always hated with contempt and opposition.

"Our Christianity" is on trial still. Our government have sworn an oath before God and man of freedom for three millions of the enslaved. Our Christianity is on trial to see whether it has any virtue to compel the government and constrain the people to keep that oath. The pretend of guarantee to the slaveholders has been kept to the letter of the falsehood; the oath beheading John, has been diligently observed. Let God himself put a stop to that impiety. Let us now, if the oath of freedom, the oath of deliverance for the enslaved, will be kept in the same manner.

"Our Christianity" is on trial for the freedom. How shall they be treated? If we carry the blessings of freedom in the train of our armies, then shall we have power to sow the gospel and reap a glorious harvest. "Our Christianity" is still on trial for the possible salvation of our country.

THE FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD YET.

Mr. Seward has told Europe that we cannot intervene in behalf of the liberties of Poland, because the rebel States have the constitutional right to be heard on that question, and it cannot at present be brought before them. Perhaps Mr. Seward will next send a diplomatic message informing the European Courts that the approaching election of a new President will not be held, but must be deferred, because the same rebel States have the right to vote, but cannot at present exercise that right.

The New York Herald is calling on the President to restore Gen. McClellan to the supreme command. No other commander is so perfect a master of the art how not to do it, and the not doing of it is in imminent hazard of being foiled by the successes of Gen. Meade, by which the Government and country are put in danger of entirely conquering the enemy and annihilating the rebellion.

Mr. Conway in England has proposed to the rebel States that they immediately begin the war of negro emancipation, and promises Mr. Mason, the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill, that if they will begin emancipation, the Abolitionists of America will at once end the war, which he says they have the means and power of doing. We will end, if they will begin! The stock is in the hands of the fox, striving to pull out the bone that was choking him.

The Herald is uttering treason against the Constitution, declaring that though suited to the country in 1789, it is no longer fit for the country in 1863.

But the greatest of all the fools are they who are insisting on the right of emancipation by the Government, on the ground that otherwise we cannot collect our taxes. Robert Dale Owen bases his whole argument for emancipation on the fact that the Constitution confers on Congress the power to collect taxes, without which no government can be supported. But it cannot collect taxes in the rebel States, and in which the laws prevail only in those States in which the laws prevail only to the service or labor of persons of African descent are held under State laws." Mr. Owen then assumes that such "service or labor" means slavery and is slavery. It is also "a species of property not specially exempted by the Constitution from seizure for public use," and "therefore an act of emancipation is strictly constitutional," for the purpose of collecting taxes, the necessity of collecting taxes being sufficient authority for endeavoring to crush the rebellion, and the putting down of slavery being a necessary means to that end.

All this is followed by a proposed draft of a bill for emancipation, on the ground that slavery "always a moral wrong, has at length shown itself to be destructive of the supremacy of the laws," and subversive of the Government; and a number of whereases are proposed, in not one line of which there is the least recognition of any right to freedom, or any obligation on the part of Government to protect the freedom of its subjects, but only to collect its revenues and maintain its own existence!

Mr. Owen would seem to be ignorant of a certain provision in our Constitution, whereby it is declared that no person shall be deprived of liberty without the process of law. He evidently holds that the protection by the Government of the liberties and rights of its subjects is not part of the duties of Government, nor of the powers residing in it. It follows from his argument that the only purpose and right of Government is to collect its revenues, and there is no right to protect the freedom of the citizens, except for that purpose.

All this is published in the Atlantic Monthly, and in the Liberator, without a word of dissent, or exposition of its errors, or warning against the danger of permitting it to be assumed and taught, that the existence of Government is a higher object than the freedom of the people; that, in fact, there is any other right of Government, or sanction for its existence, or legitimacy of its powers, save only the exercise of justice, and the protection of men in their inalienable rights.

Think of any man in his senses passing by all the clauses in the Constitution, making liberty and justice for the people and their posterity, the sole object of the Constitution and the Government, and providing that no person shall be deprived of liberty without the process of law, and deliberately throwing the whole right of protecting and securing such liberty upon the necessity of collecting the taxes! Certainly, the fools are not all dead yet.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE REBELS?

An officer in a New England regiment wrote from the South, at an early stage in this conflict, "It can't be but that this war will kill slavery; and if it does, cost what it will of our blood, and our tears, and every man's money, it won't be too much." But it will be too much, without the moral principle, and with that, it would have been a needless sacrifice. God will not let us off from a great moral duty of justice, by reason of our bravery in this war. The duty of justice still remains unperformed—justice to the enslaved, justice to the rebel States, justice to the North, in the public, speedy, governmental sacrifice of slavery, and protection of the rights of the million victims of the cruelty and tyranny of centuries. We shall have to perform a public act of justice against this iniquity as sin, and of deliverance of its victims. It is duty to God, to ourselves, to the slaves, to the rebels, to the world. We have caught this public monster, this enemy of the human race, in the very act of his infinite murders, and in the work of endeavoring to burn the very structure of our government over our heads, to conceal his crimes. We are bound by God's extradition treaty for the Universe to give him up to justice, to execute justice upon him. If we let him go, God will not let us go. If we let him go, God will let our liberties go with him. We cannot be released from the solemn obligation of governmental justice. We have no right to admit the rebel States back into the Union without the extradition of their slavery, the provision of freedom for their slaves. If we do this, they are our slaves, we take the slavery as our own, our new act, our reconstruction of it, we take our government a slaveholding government. We have no right to govern these States, but on principles of justice; we have no right to admit them back into partnership with us, by taking their slavery into partnership. We do this, if we take back a single State into the Union as a slaveholding State. It was well urged against the argument for the right of secession, of the Southern States, that the moral as well as governmental law forbade it. "We have no right to let them go. We have no right to let them loose to prey upon mankind. They are a part of our people. They are under our common government. The government is responsible for their good behavior. The whole country is responsible. When, therefore, we see that they wish to separate from us for an evil and a mischievous purpose, we have no right to let them go, we cannot clear ourselves from responsibility."

But much more, by the moral and governmental law, by our responsibility to God, to the country and the world, we have no right to let them come back, with their crime unrepented of, in full commission. We have no right to let them loose to prey upon their victims under the shadow and shield of our Union and sanction. We have no right to let them return into the Union for an evil and mischievous purpose, that the slavery, their destruction of the rights of millions, may be safer and more secure within the Union, than they find without it. It would be a deliberate act of tyranny and cruelty, such as no government ever committed, if we take back these States with their slaves still in bondage. It would be treason against God, against our government, against humanity, against all good government, against the whole family of nations. We have no right to receive into the family of nations a State that makes the right of buying and selling human beings as merchandise the grand right of national existence, the central element of sovereignty. We have poured out our reproaches against Great Britain, without stint, for thinking of such a crime, for holding in distant contemplation the recognition of the Southern Confederacy of pirates, as an independent nation. And shall we now set the example of this very crime? Shall we now receive into communion, as a Sovereign State, as a part of our own nation, a State that maintains this crime as a right of State Sovereignty, thus proclaiming ourselves, to all the world, as a slaveholding government and people, as that very nonentity, which we have been calling on Great Britain and France, and all Europe, to avoid recognizing, to reject from the family of nations as an unendurable barbarism and atrocity?

That God, this war has done some good. That these men and women can take care of themselves, has been proved, and not only that, but that they are capable of improvement, and may become (as I believe they yet will), a great people. One said to me the other day, "our masters have always told us that we could not live without them, but I will show them that they can live without them; that we can, and will be something. They are full of their compliments. An old woman said to me:

"You are so nice I should like you for my mistress."

"What! have you not had enough of slavery?"

"Oh yes, liberty is mighty sweet I tell you, honey. I bless the Lord, I can lie down and get up and feel that I own myself now," said she. "My mistress was a dreadful pious woman. She would pray, ever so long in the morning, then come out and sit down in her rocking chair, with her cowhide and out and slash anybody who passed her, through the day; and, honey, sometimes I was afraid she was not a Christian, but she was mighty pious."

This woman, a perfect wonder; she cannot read a word, yet she will repeat more of the Bible, than any I know, and will sit, for hours, telling what Jesus said to her. Sometimes I think it is the best sermon I ever heard.

One said she knew I was a Yankee, because when I went into her huts, I looked at them, instead of this way; drawing herself up, with her eyes on the roof.

It is a pleasant work, although sometimes one tires of talking with one or two hundred in a day, who come for old clothes, and certainly, if you have nothing to give, as is the case with me now. I often find when I rise in the morning, thirty or forty, setting on the steps waiting for me.

I wish I had a hundred barrels of clothing to distribute among them. They are very destitute of clothing, because of the high prices of everything. It is as much as they can do to provide food for their families.

This is a great work, which the Lord has thrown upon the Christians of the North, of educating and providing for these people.

May they not shrink from this.

Yours, C.

OUR NORFOLK CORRESPONDENCE.

Secession Ladies.

NORFOLK, VA., July 8, 1863.

FRIEND ALLEN—I think I hinted to your readers, in my last, that, together with others, connected with this mission, I was to aid in taking a census of colored persons in this city, in response to a recent order of General Dix, covering his military department. We are now in the midst of it, and as you might suppose, would be the case, *secess* *rares*. The fact is, we are obliged now to get an *inside* view, a look behind the curtain, an actual "south side view." The spirits of rebels (for rebels have spirits), seem to be stirred up, and sometimes they act funny, not to say queer.

Sometimes the fair ones speak up so loud, and so plain, *Yes* or *No*, that we have no trouble at all, in hearing, the first time, and then they step on hard and so *heary*, that you would think they had on thick boots, with ever so high heels, instead of light nice little *slippers*, fitting their feet like a glove, beautifully, as they do, and then, when they turn to call for Sally, Betsy, Diah, etc., their nice silk dresses (for they do have nice clothes on), seem to have spirits in them, and if you will believe it, they *flout* and jump, and spread themselves out so queer, you would almost think the spirits in the dresses, etc., "well done and gone mad," and then when the misss returns with her colored servants, or as she calls them, "her niggers," why she sticks her nose up, then it turns oblique left, and then

it obliques right, and she looks so red in the face, that it is difficult to know which one is to be registered, and which not, from the color, and then, sometimes, these beautiful creatures say, "I won't answer your questions." And they call us *Yankees*, and say we have stolen all their "niggers," etc., and cut up so that it don't seem funny at all, but in down right earnest, just as though they smelt a rat or a mouse, but I suspect it is because they don't like the Yankee. Thinking this was "what the matter," after the first days experience, it was deemed best to have a guard along with each of us, but I don't see that they are any better pleased now, but rather they seem to be quite like "total depravity growing worse and worse," sometimes they act "sandy," very.

A single instance will show what there is to be found, covered up here under nice silks, etc. On Monday I called upon Mrs. Jones, wife of the Rev. Dr. Jones, who is pastor of the leading and Aristocratic Baptist Church of this city, although I did not know who she was, when I called. On making known, politely, our business, and asking for necessary information, we were informed in a "double quick," that she would not answer, or give any information, with insults, jeerings, and flouting of the dress, etc., after the most approved style.

She was informed that we were on legitimate business, that we had no desire to disturb her, in any way, her domestic matters, but that we were required to obtain facts necessary to the taking of a census only, and that we must ask certain questions, and must have them answered, and that we were authorized to compel answers, by putting parties under oath, or to arrest, if necessary, but that we hoped to avoid any measures of the kind.

Said Mrs. Jones replied that she would like to see us about it, deifying us, and again in the most insulting and contemptuous manner possible, refusing to answer. I then stated, for her further information, that this was by order of Gen. Dix, and I hoped she would think better of it, and treat the matter properly, thus saving trouble, but that if she still refused information, I could not do less than to report the case to "headquarters," which I should do, with preference to other measures, I might adopt. She then, with equal contempt, begged Gen. Dix, and his authority, repeating that she did not and would not recognize it. The guard spoke to her, kindly, of her obstinacy, when she threatened to put a bullet through him, if he called her obstinate. The said Mrs. Rev. Dr. Jones' case is now in the hands of the Government. In my next, I may be able to give further facts connected with it. Our schools are progressing fine.

Many of the colored men are being impressed into the service of the Government, which creates some excitement, but we trust all will yet be well. The weather is very warm, but to-day we have had a fine shower, which was much needed. Everything seems to be moving along quite well, with the single exception, of the much needed furniture for this.

"CONTRAST?"

FROM CAMP HAMILTON.

July 3rd, 1863.

MR. EDITOR: I presume that every one who has been connected with the Anti-slavery cause has many a time been told that if the slaves were emancipated, they could not take care of themselves, but would surely starve. Now, let us look into this matter. Here at Hampton and Camp Hamilton, there are more than three thousand people, who were slaves when this war commenced. Can these chattering take care of themselves? Are they not starving by hundreds? Well, most of the men work for the government, and when they are paid at all, receive very small wages. And yet, with this small pittance, they contrive to support their families of from four to ten, quite comfortably. Those who do not work for government, make a good living, fishing, or keeping refreshment for the soldiers. Most of the women wash for the Hospitals for the pittance sum of twenty cents a dozen; glad to do this, or anything else that offers.

Within the last year, they have built over 500 cabins. Some of these are quite comfortable, with floors and windows, while others are miserable places, devoid of all comfort.

Among this population, are hundreds of women with from one to six children, whose husbands are dead, or with the Seesch, or perchance, nowhere; yet these women manage to take care of themselves, and among them all, I do not know of more than six supported by the government, and these are sick or old. They are happy and industrious, and "enjoy their liberty" intensely. And since I came here, I have never seen one of them intoxicated. That many of them do drink, lie, and steal, I have no doubt. But this only proves, (as one has said), that they are intensely human; and no better than white folks.

Thank God, this war has done some good. That these men and women can take care of themselves, has been proved, and not only that, but that they are capable of improvement, and may become (as I believe they yet will), a great people. One said to me the other day, "our masters have always told us that we could not live without them, but I will show them that they can live without them; that we can, and will be something. They are full of their compliments. An old woman said to me:

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FRIEND ALLEN—I think I hinted to your readers, in my last, that, together with others, connected with this mission, I was to aid in taking a census of colored persons in this city, in response to a recent order of General Dix, covering his military department. We are now in the midst of it, and as you might suppose, would be the case, *secess* *rares*. The fact is, we are obliged now to get an *inside* view, a look behind the curtain, an actual "south side view." The spirits of rebels (for rebels have spirits), seem to be stirred up, and sometimes they act funny, not to say queer.

Sometimes the fair ones speak up so loud, and so plain, *Yes* or *No*, that we have no trouble at all, in hearing, the first time, and then they step on hard and so *heary*, that you would think they had on thick boots, with ever so high heels, instead of light nice little *slippers*, fitting their feet like a glove, beautifully, as they do, and then, when they turn to call for Sally, Betsy, Diah, etc., their nice silk dresses (for they do have nice clothes on), seem to have spirits in them, and if you will believe it, they *flout* and jump, and spread themselves out so queer, you would almost think the spirits in the dresses, etc., "well done and gone mad," and then when the misss returns with her colored servants, or as she calls them, "her niggers," why she sticks her nose up, then it turns oblique left, and then

it obliques right, and she looks so red in the face, that it is difficult to know which one is to be registered, and which not, from the color, and then, sometimes, these beautiful creatures say, "I won't answer your questions." And they call us *Yankees*, and say we have stolen all their "niggers," etc., and cut up so that it don't seem funny at all, but in down right earnest, just as though they smelt a rat or a mouse, but I suspect it is because they don't like the Yankee. Thinking this was "what the matter," after the first days experience, it was deemed best to have a guard along with each of us, but I don't see that they are any better pleased now, but rather they seem to be quite like "total depravity growing worse and worse," sometimes they act "sandy," very.

A single instance will show what there is to be found, covered up here under nice silks, etc. On Monday I called upon Mrs. Jones, wife of the Rev. Dr. Jones, who is pastor of the leading and Aristocratic Baptist Church of this city, although I did not know who she was, when I called. On making known, politely, our business, and asking for necessary information, we were informed in a "double quick," that she would not answer, or give any information, with insults, jeerings, and flouting of the dress, etc., after the most approved style.

She was informed that we were on legitimate business, that we had no desire to disturb her, in any way, her domestic matters, but that we were required to obtain facts necessary to the taking of a census only, and that we must ask certain questions, and must have them answered, and that we were authorized to compel answers, by putting parties under oath, or to arrest, if necessary, but that we hoped to avoid any measures of the kind.

Said Mrs. Jones replied that she would like to see us about it, deifying us, and again in the most insulting and contemptuous manner possible, refusing to answer. I then stated, for her further information, that this was by order of Gen. Dix, and I hoped she would think better of it, and treat the matter properly, thus saving trouble, but that if she still refused information, I could not do less than to report the case to "headquarters," which I should do, with preference to other measures, I might adopt. She then, with equal contempt, begged Gen. Dix, and his authority, repeating that she did not and would not recognize it. The guard spoke to her, kindly, of her obstinacy, when she threatened to put a bullet through him, if he called her obstinate. The said Mrs. Rev. Dr. Jones' case is now in the hands of the Government. In my next, I may be able to give further facts connected with it. Our schools are progressing fine.

Many of the colored men are being impressed into the service of the Government, which creates some excitement, but we trust all will yet be well. The weather is very warm, but to-day we have had a fine shower, which was much needed. Everything seems to be moving along quite well, with the single exception, of the much needed furniture for this.

"CONTRAST?"

FROM CAMP HAMILTON.

July 3rd, 1863.

MR. EDITOR: I presume that every one who has been connected with the Anti-slavery cause has many a time been told that if the slaves were emancipated, they could not take care of themselves, but would surely starve. Now, let us look into this matter. Here at Hampton and Camp Hamilton, there are more than three thousand people, who were slaves when this war commenced. Can these chattering take care of themselves? Are they not starving by hundreds? Well, most of the men work for the government, and when they are paid at all, receive very small wages. And yet, with this small pittance, they contrive to support their families of from four to ten, quite comfortably. Those who do not work for government, make a good living, fishing, or keeping refreshment for the soldiers. Most of the women wash for the Hospitals for the pittance sum of twenty cents a dozen; glad to do this, or anything else that offers.

Within the last year, they have built over 500 cabins. Some of these are quite comfortable, with floors and windows, while others are miserable places, devoid of all comfort.

Among this population, are hundreds of women with from one to six children, whose husbands are dead, or with the Seesch, or perchance, nowhere; yet these women manage to take care of themselves, and among them all, I do not know of more than six supported by the government, and these are sick or old. They are happy and industrious, and "enjoy their liberty" intensely. And since I came here, I have never seen one of them intoxicated. That many of them do drink, lie, and steal, I have no doubt. But this only proves, (as one has said), that they are intensely human; and no better than white folks.

Thank God, this war has done some good. That these men and women can take care of themselves, has been proved, and not only that, but that they are capable of improvement, and may become (as I believe they yet will), a great people. One said to me the other day, "our masters have always told us that we could not live without them, but I will show them that they can live without them; that we can, and will be something. They are full of their compliments. An old woman said to me:

"You are so nice I should like you for my mistress."

"What! have you not had enough of slavery?"

"Oh yes, liberty is mighty sweet I tell you, honey. I bless the Lord, I can lie down and get up and feel that I own myself now," said she. "My mistress was a dreadful pious woman. She would pray, ever so long in the morning, then come out and sit down in her rocking chair, with her cowhide and out and slash anybody who passed her, through the day; and, honey, sometimes I was afraid she was not a Christian, but she was mighty pious."

This woman, a perfect wonder; she cannot read a word, yet she will repeat more of the Bible, than any I know, and will sit, for hours, telling what Jesus said to her. Sometimes I think it is the best sermon I ever heard.

One said she knew I was a Yankee, because when I went into her huts, I looked at them, instead of this way; drawing herself up, with her eyes on the roof.

It is a pleasant work, although sometimes one tires of talking with one or two hundred in a day, who come for old clothes, and certainly, if you have nothing to give, as is the case with me now. I often find when I rise in the morning, thirty or forty, setting on the steps waiting for me.

I wish I had a hundred barrels of clothing to distribute among them. They are very destitute of clothing, because of the high prices of everything. It is as much as they can do to provide food for their families.

This is a great work, which the Lord has thrown upon the Christians of the North, of educating and providing for these people.

May they not shrink from this.

Yours, C.

OUR NORFOLK CORRESPONDENCE.

Secession Ladies.

NORFOLK, VA., July 8, 1863.

FRIEND ALLEN—I think I hinted to your readers, in my last, that, together with others, connected with this mission, I was to aid in

Family Miscellany.

For the Principal.

"PRACE"

BY BETH BROOKLYN.

Peace? when the tiger is crouching to spring at ye,
Glaring with blood-thirsty rage, demon-like!
Peace? when the venomous head of the rattlesnake
Glittering, rises, just ready to strike!

Peace? when the eagle is seizing your infant,
Fiercely upon its young life-blood to drain—
Peace? when the venomous head of the rattlesnake
Glittering, rises, just ready to strike!

Peace? when the flames are your dwelling envelop-
ing,
In which your children unconsciously sleep,
Peace? when the tempter is artfully weaving
A snare for your daughter, with villainy deep.

"See for a peace?" with robbers and plunderers—
Strike hands with treason, the Union to save!
Call them our brothers, whose hands are all dripping,
And dyed with the blood of our noble and brave!

"See for a peace?" the blood of our heroes
Cries to us—NEVER, no NEVER with them—
Robbers, and traitors, and murderers,
Mortaring scars from all true-hearted men.

"See for a peace?" and show them our penitence!
"Lay down our arms," to the bloodstained fact!
False to their manhood, and false to humanity,
False to their God—we answer you, No!

Shame on the recent sons of Democracy,
Fallen so low as to servile creep!
Slaves of the patriots—JACOBS and JEROME!
Glorious patriots! How can ye sleep?

Never give up! Let our watchword be, "Victory!"
Never so craven, as tamely to bow,
Never submit to a Slave-Aristocracy,
Who, to the world, their vile treason avow!

Grasp the sword tightly, the rifle, the harpoon!
Slit the throat from combat, but give blood for blood!
Thunder the cannon, emboldened, how'er—
Pour down the ramparts the death-dealing flood!

O, God of Justice, of Truth, and of Liberty,
Purge Thou our nation, with fire and with sword!
Ride in Thy chariot—scatter Thy enemies—
Ride on to conquer, till Right be restored!

From the German of Threnoth, Laid.

HERE IS MY HEART

Here is my heart—my God, I give it thee;
I heard thee call and say,
"Not to the world, my child, but unto me!"
I heard and will obey.

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another, so I shall expect to see you and that
truant husband out to church soon."

"I wish you might," said Mary.
But Fred did not like the minister, and had
not been inside a church, for years. Mary
went when she could, but a mile and a half
is quite a distance to walk, and rainy Sundays
are frequent. Then she had but two dresses
suitable to wear, excepting calico. One of
these was her wedding dress, thin, lacy, the
other a merino that had been turned upside
down, and inside out. As for Charlie's clothes
they were manufactured mostly from material
furnished by Mrs. Grey, from outgrown
or cast-off clothing of her own children, and so
cleaned and fitted over, as to look quite like
new.

"What should I do but for you and Mr.
Grey?" Mary used often to say to her. "He
gives Fred so much work to do, while you are
so kind to me. And Charlie; I think you
must be tired of him, he is with you so much.
He has taken such a fancy to Jenny. He of-
ten talks to him about God, and being good."
"She seems to have taken as great a fancy
to him; so let him come," Mrs. Grey would
reply.

But Charlie was not always "good," not
withstanding his many teachings. He had a
wild, untamed temper, and his gentle mother
was often sorely tried on account of it. There
had been given him a little book of pictures,
out of which Mary was trying to teach him
to read. Like many other children, he did
not like the idea of standing patiently, repeat-
ing, "A. B. C."

"Let me go," he said, as his mother was
laboring with him thus.

"Six letters more; then you may go,"
she said to him, when looking wistfully to-
ward the door, he slipped away from her arm.

Mary caught him as he was opening the
door.

"Charlie, I cannot be disobeyed; you must
come back."

"But you must," and for once she con-
quered him.

"I'll go and get drunk," retorted the little
fellow, after she had released him; and this
time he was beyond her reach.

O, what a child! "Is it this my Char-
ley is coming—my sweet baby, Charley?" O,
God, give me no more children—no more—
to be trained by a drinking father, and a
heart-broken mother!

That evening Jenny Grey came in to sit
with her, and the story of the morning was
repeated. Mary had few secrets from her
Greys now.

"Never, Jenny, marry a man who is
not governed by religious principle. I do not
say this against my husband; but had I
known what I now know, had I foreseen how
such a union would affect not only myself, but
such as he," pointing to Charlie asleep in the
crib, "I should not have been here to-day."

"Yet, Mrs. Milford, you cannot blame
yourself; you did, doubtless, what you thought
was right."

"Yes; I sinned ignorantly, perhaps. The
truth was, I was under a *resting place*, and
hoped to find it, scarce thinking whether it were
a bed of down or of thorns. I knew little
of men or of women, then; but I trust I have
been forgiven."

"I am sure you have," was the confident
answer.

"I must bear the penalty in this life, nev-
ertheless, and it seems a hard one, sometimes,
I sinned ignorantly, but you, Jenny, who are
wiser, beware that you sin not *perversely*."

The work struck home—Jenny was silent
a moment, then said slowly and as firmly:
"No, Mrs. Milford; God helping me, I
will not."

"Summer deepened into Autumn, and Au-
tumn gave place to Winter; Charlie's first
Winter at school. How proud his mother was
of the account the teacher gave of his pro-
gress!"

"I shall be so glad if he makes a scholar;
my husband cares so little for books or read-
ing," Mary said to her.

They never took even a newspaper; but
how many thousands of poor people are scat-
tered through our land, my living close by
our doors, who could not take one if they
would.

Ye fortunate ones, copy Mrs. Grey's ex-
ample, and send them papers. Much knowl-
edge will they glean therefrom which will
make them safer neighbors, and better citi-
zens; many a comforting, ennobling thought
will they gain to console them in their pov-
erty, and raise them to the level of a higher life.

January's drifting snows brought another
babe to Mary's bosom; received, shall I say,
ungratefully? No; but still not blissfully,
as Charlie was. The mother's eyes filled with
tears instead of smiles, and she said: "Unto
Thee, I commit this babe, Father—be
merciful."

"Only a mother knows a mother's cares,"
said Mrs. Grey, comfortingly, on one of these
occasions; after relating some of her own ex-
periences.

"True, but I have often wondered how
you have managed to bring up five children
so well," replied Mary.

"Providence was unusually kind to me, I
suppose. Two babes, my eldest, are in Heav-
en, but the others have been mercifully spared,
to bless their parents, and, I trust, the world.
But you were speaking of your sister."

"Yes; she is coming up next month, if
able to ride. How well my fears have been
realized, Mrs. Grey. She has been home
from Manchester now nearly nine months, and
she does not improve at all. Little wonder,
though," she added in an undertone.

"Perhaps we can nurse her up, here; we
will try. It will be a change for her, at any
rate."

"I wish God had made Mrs. Greys,"
said Mary, as her friend bade her good bye.

Who did not, that ever knew her?

Some day the last of March, on a bright,
warm day, when the eaves were dripping,
and birds looked out from their Winter homes,
she looked a trifle better than when last we
saw her. The ride seemed to have done her
good, sending the light into her eyes again,

and the glow to her thin cheeks. Ah! that
deceitful glow!

"You must be very tired," said Mary to
her, removing her wrappings; and, arrang-
ing the pillows in the big arm-chair, she drew
it up to the fire. "Come, you can sit here,
and get warmed and rested all at once."

"I have wanted to see you so much," she
continued, "but I could not go down on ac-
count of Frank."

"I am very glad to get away, Mary, and
could wish I might never return, except for
dear mother."

"Was it then so hard? Well, you shall
stay here through the Spring and Summer, at
any rate, and then we will see what is best to
be done. Mrs. Grey says we will nurse you
up, while you are there, and who knows but
what we can."

She silently shook her head.

"Be not faithless, but believing, our Sa-
viour said."

"Yes, I believe His words, but they may
not apply in this case; and Mary, though I
cling to life, it must be for better with Him."

"Don't break my heart, Sue,"

"Oh, no, Mary—does it grieve you? Well,
then, let's talk about something else. How's
the baby? Hold him up, so I can look at
him. Did you say he was yours? No father
or mother in that face, that I can see."

"So everybody says, but he is mamma's own,"
said Sue, kissing his fat cheeks.

When the sunny days of April came, Sue
found herself able to walk as far as Mrs.
Grey's, where, at this time of year, they were
busily engaged in sugar making. The Doctor
had said that inhaling the steam of boiling
syrup would be good for her lungs, so she be-
came a constant visitor at the house, while
the sugaring lasted, and indeed through all
the summer following. It was a pleasant
walk, and Mrs. Grey or her family had al-
ways a kind word for her, or some delicacy to
tempt her palate; for, he it known that, at
her brother-in-law's, the fare was anything but
plentiful.

Willie Grey would sometimes give her a
ride too, which seemed to do her a world of
good. The delightful scenery, the fresh
mountain air, and the genial companionship,
were just what she needed. And there were
books at Mrs. Grey's which she could borrow,
for her hungering after knowledge was still as
keen as in the days of her childhood.

"Anything more for me to read?" was her
repeated inquiry, till Mrs. Grey's small li-
brary was in danger of being entirely de-
molished by her voracious appetite.

"What kind of a book would you like best?"
Jenny would sometimes ask her.

"Oh anything; I am not particular. I read
all kinds—histories, poetry, sermons, meta-
physics—anything I can get. I often think
I must have a curious furnished mind. Regu-
larly trained scholars would find me an an-
omaly in their system."

"Put your name down and say when you
will do it. We are greatly in earnest, for we
have joined hands and pledged ourselves to
Heaven, that we will never stop our efforts
until every member in the village gives up
the business."

So they went round, and in three or four
days they had all agreed to stop except the
Mr. Weeds. Then they went to him again.
Seeing his place full, and thinking perhaps
that it might not be a very popular move-
ment to kick eighty-four women out of his
store, he resolved to do the next best thing,
and sat himself down in a big chair, and
said:

"Ladies, I am glad to see you. I am al-
ways glad to see my neighbors, especially the
ladies."

They talked, they prayed, they sang, they
read a chapter from the Bible, and one read
a passage from the newspaper that bore, as she
expressed it, "on the point."

So he sat in his chair, and when they had
told him, and when they had told him, he told
the rumormonger they should come again the next
morning.

"That's right," said he, "come early."

The next morning, they went early, and
found him in his store. Having had a grand
time the night before—no competition—he was
very good natured, and he said, "Come in."

But there is one thing I want to ask you.
How long is this to last?"

"What you call this?" said the lady who
spoke for the company, "will last just so long
as you sell rum. We have promised God we
will never stop visiting you, until you cease
selling rum, and we know you must stop."

"How long will you give me?"

"As long as you please."

"Well, then, said he, 'I will stop to-mor-
row.'"

The next morning the people all met in
front of the store, to see the liquor poured
out, (which he had promised to do), and they
were disappointed.

It was twenty years ago, and not a single
glass of liquor has ever been sold in that
village since, so far as I have learned, and my
mother, who was the leader in that movement,
lives there, and I have been there myself,
several times, since then. Yet Clarksville is
only a mile from the city of Auburn, and very
much exposed to rum influences.

Now let me tell you another application
of the same principle. Making a professional
tour through Illinois, at one time, I stopped
at Dixon, on a Saturday, and went to the min-
isters, and said, "Close your churches to-mor-
row night, and assemble in Union Hall, and
let me talk to you on temperance. I am not a
temperance lecturer, but I feel an interest in the
cause." So we assembled and explained the
plan to the audience, and at the close of the
lecture, a committee of over fifty women
applied to draft an appeal from the women
of Dixon to the rum-sellers. The result was
that in three weeks, the thirty-nine rum shops
in that place were closed.

I went on greatly encouraged, and stopped
at Battle Creek, in Michigan, where the Rev.
Charles Jones, now of Cambridge, (whom I
am very glad to see here to-day), was very
active in this movement. I said to the min-
isters, "Gentlemen, omit your Sunday evening
services, and let me talk on temperance." They
did so, and we had a meeting, and appointed a
committee of one hundred women at the close
of the lecture. The next morning they began
the circulation of their petition. Battle Creek
was a very hard place; there were almost fifty
rum shops there; but in ten days not one was
open; and up to the time when Mr. Jones
left the place a year and a half ago, there had
not been any opened.

Now, I heard a gentleman on this platform
say, the ladies must work! But they cannot

work successfully without organization. We
are all prepared to say that the women have
nearly all the social, moral and religious pow-
er in our race. God has given us strong mus-
cles, and a hard, tough brain. He has given
to woman a large, warm heart, a social and
moral power far greater than man's. This
empowerment is not for the sake of the world,
and woman can do much more in it than
men. In history, the influence of woman has
been a power everywhere, in social, moral and
religious reformations. I suggest, that when
you go home, you hold a temperance meeting
in your several towns, organize a committee
of one hundred ladies, and ask them to march
through the streets and call on every rum-sel-
ler, and appeal to him in God's name, and in
behalf of their fathers, husbands, brothers and
sons, to stop the sale of liquor; and if you
will show me a man who will stand out against
that fire for a fortnight, I will show you a man
who is half devil and half angel. [Laughter
and applause.]

CHRIST'S LAMBS, AND HOW HE
KNOWS THEM.

Mary and May were walking across a field
from school one day, when they saw some
sheep with some red letters painted on their
fleece.

"Oh see, May!" said Mary, "those sheep
have some marks on them. I wonder what
they are for?"

"That's the mark the farmer knows his
sheep by," said May. "Don't you know what
teacher said to us, about Jesus having marks
to know his lambs by?"

"Yes, but Jesus doesn't put marks like that
on his lambs, does he?" asked Mary.

"No, Mary; Jesus puts his mark in us, on
our souls, and not on our bodies."

Little May was right. Jesus does mark his
lambs in their hearts. Yet the marks can be
seen. Does that seem queer to you? Let
me make it plain. Suppose little Mary should
strike little May, and May, instead of striking
back should say:

"Don't be angry with me, Mary, I am your
sister, and I love you very much. Let me
kiss you!"

Would not that show Mary's heart to be
humble, patient, and loving? Well, humility,
patience, and love, are the marks which Jesus
puts on his lambs. By these, and similar
marks, he knows them, and others know them
too.

But let us see a child poor, ugly, and
hated, you know it is not Christ's lamb,
for pride, ugly tempers, and unloveliness, are
not Christ's marks, but Satan's.

Little George, for example, had Satan's
mark in him. One day his mother said to
him:

"George dear, go to school! It is nearly
noon o'clock."

"I won't," said George, and away he ran
into a lane, where he hid away all the morn-
ing, playing with his whip, and watching
people who rode past.

Now, "I won't," and "I don't care," are
Satan's marks. The child who has these needs
to get rid of them, or he will come to a bad
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of his mother's wishes. There he grew worse
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and George was cast upon a rock. But even
there he was not safe, for a big wave came,
and he was hurled into the sea, where he perished
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